

Topeka State Journal

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day telegraph report of that great news organization for the exclusive afternoon publication in Topeka.
The news is received in The State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

If ever there were a real Johnny-on-the-spot, General Funston is he.

The unusual is always developing at Juarez. It happens to be peaceful now.

Andrew Carnegie's dove of peace must be just about featherless at the present writing.

Regardless of the press of war news, baseball continues to get its daily page of space in the newspapers.

Charge d'Affaires O'Shaughnessy must be a good sport, all right. Huerta handed him his conge with elaborate formalities.

It is also reasonable to assume that the next individual who is requested to salute the American flag will make haste to do so.

There is no doubt about it. The white man's burden is of tremendous proportions. But his shoulders are always equal to the task.

Huerta's supply of champagne is evidently holding out. He announces that he will have an army of 400,000 men in the field within twenty days.

After all, the outcome of the baseball war is of more interest to a larger number of healthy Americans than is the outcome of the Mexican imbroglio.

So many women use it, that smokeless powder has few terrors for modern man, points out the Atchison Globe, and it urges: Now is the time to enlist.

Maybe if Fred Funston walks unattended from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico and captures Huerta single-handed he will be promoted to the rank of major general.

Perhaps it is no more than fitting that President Wilson should hesitate to designate his little scrap with Huerta as a war. But it is probably the opinion of most people that it will lead to one.

It occurs to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch that if, as New York thinks, a lesson has been administered that will hold the gunmen of the country for a while, there is hope for a lid on the Black Hand.

Villa also appears to be blessed with much more horse-sense than Huerta. He makes the emphatic announcement that he is not going to allow anyone to force him into a war with the United States.

Rear Admiral Badger may be a second Dewey, as Secretary Daniels says, but he hasn't got the cable yet or jammed his wireless apparatus so that he can't be bothered by the busy-bodies at home.

Were Congressman Neely in Washington attending to the duties of his office, it isn't at all likely that his views on how the Mexican situation should be handled would attract as much attention.

And there may be others who feel the same way about it. At any rate, one Topeka woman, after reading the day's consignment of war news, remarked: "I wish Teddy Roosevelt was home. I'd feel safer."

With a Mexican war, or whatever it is under way, the politicians and office-seekers are going to have hard sledding this summer in obtaining the publicity and attracting the attention that they think they deserve.

Presumably, President Wilson and his advisers have some idea as to how the demonstration against Huerta is to be settled, but just what it may be is slightly difficult to guess. Surely the situation is a most perplexing one.

In the way of reprisal a party of Mexicans might sneak to Panama and blow up the canal some evening when Colonel Goethals didn't happen to be looking. But the chances are they'd have a mighty difficult time selecting the night.

Comparisons don't amount to much, it is true. But it is a fact, nevertheless, that the Kaws are doing as well during the opening games of the season as the Philadelphia Athletics, the champions of the world. Nor is there any evidence that the Philadelphia fans have already deserted their idols.

MEMORIAL HALL.

With a war between Mexico and the United States almost a certainty, and with a military and naval demonstration already in progress that savors of war in every detail, the minds of most people undoubtedly turn to the other wars that have clouded, only to brighten, the pages of American history. And the one that memories are likely to dwell on first and longest is the great Civil War, the struggle for a principle of friend against friend and brother against brother. It was one of the most terrible wars that the world has ever known, and for the very simple reason that the men who fought against each other were of the same race, equally matched as to brain and brawn, almost, indeed, from the same parent stock. But out of that bloody and horrible conflict, and as its result, there has grown a nation that is the marvel of all time.

Kansas played her part in that war with honor and distinction. And the Kansas boys who came home from it with the soldiers who went into it from other states, and then flocked hitherward, are responsible in the main for the glory of the righteous citizenship and the stability and grandeur of the institutions that Kansas has since achieved. The development, rather the creation of the Kansas of today is the work of the citizen-soldiers of '61-'65. Nor has Kansas forgotten them.

Within a month there will be dedicated to their memory in this city an enduring monument of surpassing significance. In the Memorial Hall, Kansas raises a tribute that is worthy in every way of the men and the cause for which they fought. Its magnificence is unchallenged. But even more essential than that is its utility. Beauty, in whatever form it takes, always attracts the homage that is its due. But beauty and usefulness—that is the rare combination which wins unstinted admiration. And never was it more brilliantly conceived than in the Memorial Hall of Kansas. It is so typical of the gallant men it honors, their services and their success not only on the battlefields, but also in the battle of life which often tests men's souls as severely as does a conflict at arms, though in a different way.

The dedication of this building and its consecration to the service of the people of the state promises to be a memorable event in the history of Kansas. The ranks of the veterans, whose valor and deeds in war and peace are thus to be commemorated as long as Kansas shall endure, are thinning fast. But there is a goodly company of them left, thank God, and that they will have the opportunity to see the monument that their children and their children's friends have erected to their memory makes the event all the more timely and pleasing. No efforts should be spared to make these dedication ceremonies the largest affair of its kind that has ever been witnessed in Kansas. And none likely will be. It is a golden opportunity for the people of the whole state to assemble together and by their presence, as well as by the priceless monument they have set up, to testify to their appreciation of the services that have been rendered by the Boys in Blue not only to the nation but also to the state of Kansas.

HOW A BABY LOST \$12,000.

In the May Woman's Home Companion appears—very interesting article entitled "The Safeguarding of the Child," by Julia C. Lathrop, chief of the children's bureau in the United States department of labor. In the course of the article Miss Lathrop shows the importance of the registration of births. She makes the point that thousands of children's lives could be saved if in the first few hours of life they could have proper attention. She also proves that in the United States no proper records are kept of births. In the following extract from her article she tells the story of a case where the failure to register the birth of a child cost the mother dearly:

"The importance of a birth record is very well illustrated by the case, recently brought to the attention of the children's bureau, of a young Swiss immigrant who, coming to this country and settling in Indiana, was killed leaving a widow and infant child. The mother, in dire poverty, had trouble to keep herself and her baby alive by scrubbing and sewing. One day there came to her an official letter from the government of Switzerland, stating that her husband's brother had left twelve thousand dollars to this child. All that was demanded was proof of identity, with the customary birth certificate. But there was no such certificate, and the much-needed money was lost.

"Another instance of the kind, like wise in Indiana, had to do with a farm which was left to a girl by her grandfather. Being twenty-one years of age, she was entitled to the property. But a dispute arose. Her father, who had the use of the farm during her minority, claimed that she was only nineteen. There was no birth certificate to prove her age. But, happily, a neighbor remembered that a valuable cow belonging to the grandfather had given birth to a calf on the same day that the girl was born. The birth of the calf had been duly recorded, and this evidence being accepted by the court, the young woman obtained possession of her farm."

REMOVABLE PAVEMENTS.

Pavement plying for petty repairs by public utilities is so universally practiced in our cities that the public has become inured to the spectacle of seeing the paving materials on the sidewalk or piled in the gutter. The Engineering Record suggests that engineers look into the feasibility of a removable type of pavement which can be picked up in large blocks extending from the curb to the car track and laid to one side while the deliver after conduit troubles pursues his task.

Inquiries in Chicago and talks with practical pavement men indicate that

the idea has merit and presents few if any insurmountable difficulties. Rough calculations indicate that concrete blocks of 16-in. thickness, reinforced, might cost upward of \$2.70 per square yard, exclusive of hauling to place. They should be transported at night over the street railway tracks and unloaded by a crane directly onto previously prepared longitudinal reinforced foundation walls at curb and car tracks.

Blocks would seem to be specially suited for the portion of the street that the railway companies are required to pave, as in most cases foundations for the blocks already exist. The almost inevitable necessity of removing the pavement prior to its life limit should make the removable, reusable and interchangeable features worthy of detailed study by street-railway engineers.

Journal Entries

The alarm clock is only another of the necessary evils.

If every girl's face were her fortune some of them would be mighty hard up.

There is a real contest for the last word when a couple of women get into an argument.

An unusual exception to one rule is the golfer who will talk about something besides his favorite game.

Almost everybody has the knack of thinking out bright things to say after the opportunity to say them is gone.

Jayhawker Jots

Will the Mexican war be a "bull" fight? asks the Newton Kansan-Republican.

Money, points out the Parsons Sun, is a matter of small consideration to those who have it.

In all this excitement remarks the Ottawa Republic, everybody seems to have forgotten about California's climate.

A man seldom gets any pleasure out of a thing that doesn't separate him from some of his money, says the Independence Free Press.

It is surprising, to the Winfield Courier, to see how much more wick dancing seems after a day of Sunday.

No doubt about prohibition now being effective in Kansas. A man named Booze, who lived near Cunningham, has sold his holdings and will leave the state.

The Galena Times is running a series of articles under the caption, "Little problems of married life?" notes the Scammon Miner, and it adds: Most any one can handle the little problems, it's the big ones we want solved.

Whenever you get to feeling that this old world is going from bad to worse, get confidential with some old man, suggests the Hamilton Grit, and have him tell you of his early days. It's his jealousy.

With an irony that will likely cause Yates Center to don the boxing gloves the Toronto Republican says: An alleged ball game was pulled off Sunday afternoon on the home grounds between the Toronto and Yates Center teams. The score was 19 to 3 in favor of Toronto.

Related by the Black Wolf correspondent of the Ellsworth Reporter, a Kansas butcher was somewhat surprised a few days ago to receive the following note of instructions from a customer: "Dear sir, please do not send me any more meste yet; I have butchered myself."

A Kansas telephone operator recently attended a watch night service and fell asleep during the sermon. At the close of the discourse the preacher said: "We will now sing hymn number three-fourty-one." When the young lady just waking in time to hear the number, yawned and said: "The line is busy; please call again."—Manhattan Nationalist.

If a fellow could buy some of the motor cars now on display at the prices listed in the tax assessor's book, the chances are that he would get a bargain, says the Ottawa Herald. They are telling of one man who has bought a car for less than the value he gave it in at \$150. On being questioned about it he told the assessor that he got stuck on it and would take \$150 for it any time. The assessor is going to find someone to offer \$150 for the car and see if he can get it.

Globe Sights

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

Don't become infatuated with "your way," which is apt to be wrong. A man hates to listen to advice down town, as that is all he gets at home.

And has that fellow who's good luck alarm the fellow who sells it.

Labor note: The handholders' union shows the least aversion to working overtime.

No man is so puny he isn't regarded as a Tower of Strength by the woman who loves him.

Keeping quiet doesn't help the impression some people make. It's the least known rule.

You are liable to overlook your two far side of your head.

While a writer may sometimes be convicted of plagiarism, there doesn't seem to be any particular penalty attached.

It is related that the burning of a house near broke up a local poker game, but not until the fire department arrived.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

Furs are worn by lady beavers during the summer.

Kisses are coals of fire that consume platonic friendship.

One can't have nothing to say he is ca., upon to make a speech.

The form of physical culture that fat men naturally prefer is running—for of-

By the Way

BY HARVEY PARSONS.

And the last seen of Mr. Neely, warrior and statesman, he was headed for Washington. Washington, as one might observe by taking a glance at the map, is about 1,000 miles from the Mexican border as one seeking first class remoteness could wish.

Not so long ago, a police judge, in attempting to justify his drastic treatment of an old soldier, gave as an excuse that the old man was "not really an old soldier, and should not be considered as such, because he belonged to the marines." The old soldier police judge in question was connected, during the late unpleasantness, with the quartermaster's department. Down at Vera Cruz it was a quartermaster that started the trouble, and a marine that stopped the first bullet.

An automobile traveler, who recently spent a night in Manhattan, is of an inquisitive turn of mind, and writes:

"I am interested in knowing more about how they fight fires in Manhattan. In our room at the hotel was a rope and a sign which read: 'In case of Fire Push out Screen and throw Reel out Window.'"

"What I want to know is, how throwing reel out of window stops fire."

The query is referred to Harrison Parkman.

The local American lady who has a Mexican husband, need entertain no fears for his safety. He would come under the head of "our foreign possessions."

And Topekanes are not anxious to hurt the coffee-colored brother anyway. Scout Jimmy Hughes, recruiting for the militia, called upon the Washburn law class that opened hostilities in our city, and got four signatures out of the whole bunch. Which would indicate that the belligerent "laws" would rather cut a class than shoot a tamale.

The gang has discovered that this department has a new hat, and that the bow is in the back. However, the gentleman who sold the hat assured us that the bow could be changed to the side without a major operation, and a bulletin to that effect has been issued to the gang, somewhat relieving the tension.

Yesterday was June weather, but occasions no surprise. It is customary in this country to have the June weather in April and the April showers in June.

Great excitement was caused in El Paso by the report that Mr. Villa was going to attack the city. As late reports the town was in fairly good condition, with plenty of booze and other ammunition except headline type for the press. But the El Paso Herald had secured a supply of type-high lumber and a jig saw, and expected to hold out until a rush order, now with a Wisconsin stove foundry, could be filled.

On the Spur of the Moment

BY ROY K. MOLLTON.

The Fat Man.

I tell you, When I teller's fat, His friends all have A notion that They've got a call to criticize. They say, "You chump, You're too plump. Get out, get out and Exercise."

They tell him that he eats Too much; That's soon he'll touch The danger line, And they opine His health is punk. They shoot the bunk From their lips at night, All right.

Beats all how wise Kin sometimes be. Tain't hard to see That makes 'em talk that way. For us fat folks. We hear 'em every day. We may be fatter but We're cheerfuller Than they.

Signs of the Times.

Britannia can rule the waves, but she is having some trouble ruling the suffragettes.

The British cabinet is so mixed up that it begins to resemble a cabinet of curiosities.

Mrs. Lucy Mustard of Idaho asks a divorce from William, her husband. Another case of "Too Much Mustard."

It seems as though his name should really be General Villain.

Sam Blythe writes in the Saturday Post that the Toronto water wagon three years. Somehow or other Sam's stuff hasn't been as racy recently as it used to be.

Radio dances the tango, says a Republican observer. We have been afraid they would get something on the radio.

Elbert Hubbard and John D. have been playing golf together. It is seldom that extremes meet in this manner.

General Huerta says there is no change in the situation. Neither is there any change in the treasury.

For some time we have been learning that nursing a grouch is no way to nurse a presidential boom.

Somebody are buying in Chicago again. This does not refer to the regular taxi drivers.

Human nature seems to be pretty much the same the world over—excepting in Mexico.

Twice has the supreme court declared the white slave law to be constitutional. Three times and perhaps the people will be convinced.

A Chicago man sent to jail for stealing a railroad car. He should have stolen a railroad or a few banks.

Congress has adopted the two-battle-ship plan for the navy, inasmuch as a good battleship lasts three or four years, there will be always a few on hand.

My Sweetheart.

Her cheek is like the blushing rose; Her smile like a flower in bloom; Her swanlike neck and Grecian nose Have surely made a hit with me. She has two shells like ears, by Jove, And has that's like a golden sheaf. When I'm near her, I'm stricken mute. Her beauty's quite beyond belief.

She never seems to move an eye Or make a sign or coquetish sign. Then other men come and stare at me. She always wears the same glad smile. I wonder I gaze upon her face. She's of the kind that's well worth while; I simply marvel at her grace.

I'd like to warm up to that girl. That is a way I've often felt. But if I did I'd be a churl. For she is just the kind I want to melt. I love that lady, if you please. My heart is won as never before. But it's a hopeless case, for she's a wax in a dry goods store.

AT THE END OF THE ROAD.

This is the truth as I see it, my dear. Out in the wind and the rain: They who have nothing have little to fear.

Nothing to lose or to gain. Here by the road the end of the year. Let us sit down and drink of our beer. Happy-go-Lucky and her cavalier. Out in the wind and the rain.

Now we are old, hey, isn't it fine. Out in the wind and the rain? Now we have nothing, why snivel and whine?

What would it bring us again? What would it bring us like wine. Held you and kissed you and thought you divine—

Happy-go-Lucky, the habit's still mine. Out in the wind and the rain.

Oh, my old heart, what a life we have led. Out in the wind and the rain! How we have drunken and how we have fed.

Nothing to lose or to gain. Cover the fire now; get me to bed. Out in the journey and far has it led. Come let us sleep, last sleep like the dead.

Out in the wind and the rain. —Madison Cawein, in the Bellman.

The Evening Story

Someone.

(By Olive Roberts Barton.)

Their eyes met, Jane's and those of the gentleman who walked down the aisle beside the superintendent.

After they had passed Jane waited an instant, then turned, and after he had passed, the gentlemen hesitated a moment—and turned. Their eyes met again!

And that was all.

The remainder of the morning Jane sold books, made out slips and gave change, but at 12 o'clock she could not have told you just what she had been doing.

The days that followed were long ones for the novice in the book department. There were so many minutes to think. She wished they had put her anywhere else almost than where she was, for girls in other departments seemed to have little to do.

But she was young. It was likely that her knowledge of books and thorough education had something to do with it, and with the family almost depending on her, she had had to take the first thing that offered.

Then one morning the same gentleman came to buy a book. It took him a great while to select one. He picked up a "First Aid to Young Mothers," said he would take it, watched the color come and go in Jane's pretty cheeks as she went through the maneuvers attending the exchange of merchandise for the coin of the realm, and finally bade her "Good morning" and left the store.

And that was all for a long, long time.

She had a very comfortable raise in her salary—a very surprising thing for a beginner. And after that it was so much easier at home. If she could keep things going for a year or two boys would be out of school and able to take care of themselves.

Another thing that happened was merely a bit of information that came her way. The "gentleman" was Mr. Cyril Lowbridge.

After Jane heard that her eyes lost a certain expectant look, and her cheeks no longer flushed at the memory of a day.

For the first time the Lowbridge family in the city, but almost of the nation. They owned as many companies of different kinds as most people do of teaspoons.

And at the same time she read that Cyril Lowbridge and his sister had gone to Europe.

A year passed. Jane had become very beautiful, and her mother looked with approval upon the attentions of Gerald Armour, a young man who had already made a mark in the world of engineering. Jane liked him, too.

And then one Sunday in the spring, as they walked through a violet strewn valley, Gerald told her all about it.

And Jane, feeling sure that her friend was thinking of her, must be love, suddenly she shut her eyes for an instant. She saw a man turn as she turned, and the memory of that glance came back to her heart.

She shook her head slowly. "Don't, Gerald. I am sorry, but I do not love you." And later, upon his anxious, heart-broken questioning, "Yes; there is none other."

Another year passed. The boys were out of school and doing well. Jane had steadily "gone up" at the store until she held a position of great respectability.

The name of Cyril Lowbridge was almost a myth to her now. Occasionally she heard of him and his sister as they roamed over the world.

Gerald Armour had married. It was spring again, and Jane seemed quite happy and contented with life. Melvin Gray was with her as much as he could allow. He was very much in love with her, as any one could see with half an eye.

Jane, knowing the symptoms and feeling that the time was short in which she must make up her mind, took herself to account. She hadn't loved Gerald, that was true—but the other? It was all so long ago and so far away. She was a girl, and she was not to be loved. Surely this feeling she had for Melvin was the real love, the right kind, the wholesome kind that would last.

Yes, when he asked her she would tell him she loved him and would marry him.

When Melvin did tell her, and Jane told him her lips, there flashed across her brain the vision of a man turning and looking into her eyes.

Then to his dismay, she sadly shook her head and drew away her hand. "Melvin, I—I can't. There's—some one."

And another year passed.

One shivery night in the spring Jane waited for a street car. A line of automobiles passed between herself and the track, and at last was halted by the corner policeman on account of cross traffic.

A magnificent limousine stopped directly in front of her, so close that she had to step back to avoid the wheel. It had only one occupant beside the chauffeur—a man. He turned and saw her.

Instantly she recognized him, and as his glances met through the glass, each noticed the light that sprang into the other's eyes. Jane's heart pounded and his blood up into her face. She tried but she could not look away.

Suddenly the man bent forward and swung open the door. "Will you get in," he said. "I have a car for you."

It was a beautiful evening to wait for cars. The words were conventional enough, but the look and action were not. Jane was positive inside that the line of machines moving before her realized she had done a dreadful thing. And

her name as he had used it was ringing in her ears. He knew it! But this time, there was no all. Don't me! It was just the beginning for both of them.

For a few days after in a violet strewn valley, Cyril Lowbridge told Jane how he loved her, how he had loved her from the day in the store he had turned and looked into her eyes. And he told her how he had promised his mother not to marry before his sister who, thank goodness, had finally picked out a nobleman in Europe, and now he was free.

And this time, Jane, with the real love in her eyes, turned and said, "Yes, to some one." (Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Evening Chat

BY RUTH CAMERON.

A Great Mistake.

One of the greatest mistakes of my life was that I made a scrap book.

How we read means, how we had a most of us. We find our own dumb thoughts expressed as we should have liked to express them had we the gift of speech. We find new vistas of thought; we find new philosophy that influences our lives, and bits of poetry that feed our souls.

One of these things we find in books that we are fortunate enough to own, or books that we have borrowed from a friend or a library and cannot read.

But I do not think I should exaggerate if I said that at least half of the printed words that strike fire from our hearts we find in the magazines and